

High School Just Got A Little Harder

Story: High School Just Got A Little Harder

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Summary: Catherine, Marilyn and Denise are average students at a average high school until fate decides to throw them a curve ball. When Beyblade characters start showing up at her school as teachers, Will Catherine and her friends be able to get them back to their own world? Explosions, paint, hyper people... let's just say it's gonna be hard...
TEMPORARY HIATUS!

Chapter 1: Prologue

A/n: Hey guys what's up? This is Pokemon ranger airt (even though this isn't a Pokemon fic...) so this my second fanfic the first one I deleted cause I didn't like it. Just a little saying : if every disagreement ended in a eye for an eye, every single person on the planet would be blind.

Chapter one

I had been up for the past two hours, unable to get to sleep. I had watched the alarm clock slowly pass every minute, but being the person that I am, I didn't get up and instead

"slept in" which was just my way of getting extra sleep even though I wasn't asleep. You know what I mean, right? When things like this happen, which they usually do, I spend two hours thinking of my favourite animes that I watch. Inuyasha, Naruto, Card captor sakura, Black butler, Pokemon, yugioh, Tokyo mew mew, hellsing, Welcome to the NHK, Bakuman (not to be confused with BakuGan) Digimon, Madoka magi magi magica, Death note, Chobits, Shaman king, Mega man, elfin leid, god I need to get a life. But the one that I thought about most undeniable was Beyblade. The metal fury one cause I would always go to school and miss the first series with Tyson and the others when it was on. However, I had still watched a few of the original series episodes on youtube but always liked the Metal fury series better.

Any way, I thought about Beyblade the most, what with its physics and story lines, along with how dark the series could be. Human experiments, Yep, a child being orphaned, had that , Character Death .Beyblade had that too. And those were only some of the things. Hell, it even had a cult! (if you could call Rago's goons that.)

So yeah, I thought about it A LOT.

My favourite character was by far Ryuuga, mysterious in his ways but misunderstood. As far as I knew, Ryuuga hadn't willingly agreed to be used as an experiment for L-Drago. He had gone into a coma the first time he had battled with the bey, and while unconscious, Doji had experimented on him, making it possible for him to use L-Drago, but losing part of who he was in the process, which, in a sense, meant that he had unwillingly been forced to do what Doji had told him, until L-Drago had taken over him.

Hmmm....

*BEEP*BEEP*BEEP*BEEP*BEEP*

" HAH!" I yelped, too caught up in my train of thought to notice what time it was, making it easy for my alarm clock to catch me off guard. Growling, I smashed the 'off' button on my alarm and began to get ready for the day. I slipped out of my P-J's and into a white shirt with a line art drawing of L-Drago (not that people in my school knew what that was) a pair of black jeans that fit nicely and a black zipper -up sweater. To finish my ensemble, I put on blue socks over my feet. In my school, we didn't have a uniform, so I got to choose what I wore. I brushed my dark mahogany hair (I used to have dark brown hair until we died it purple and it came out mahogany). My hair was short and barely came to below my ears. It was meant to be spiked up in the back, which is precisely what I did. After brushing my teeth, I headed downstairs, grabbing my MP3 on the way, to get some breakfast, which I ate on the way to school.

Grabbing my keys, I walked out the door, saying a farewell to my parents. I locked the door and continued on my way, biting into my PB and J sandwich. Me and my two best friends, Marilyn and Denise, lived on the same street, so we would usually wait for the others to walk to school. As I walked down the street, I saw the two of them walk out of their houses. Marilyn was blessed with sandy, long and wavy hair that came to the middle of her back. She wore a blue shirt with a white blouse and a white skirt. Her blue eyes were bright compared to my dark brown, almost black ones. Denise had pin straight black hair and wore black, holey jeans with a black skirt that had bright red frills. Above the torso she had a black t-shirt that read *Sanity is a disguise* and a black velvet jacket that ended just above her rib cage. Her beautiful yet piecing pale green eyes would make people think twice before messing with her. We were a bit of an odd bunch, with our very different personalities. I had been told that I was extremely random and sarcastic, while Marilyn was very shy and sweet. Many people called Denise Emo, which when she spoke, very little, by the way, she was proud to agree with them.

I sped up my steps to catch up with them, nodding a hello so as to not speak with my mouth full.

" Catherine!" Marilyn greeted me happily. Yep, That's my name.

" Hey cube." Denise monotones a hello. Cube was my nickname.

" How you doin'?" I said after swallowing my food, mimicking Joey from Friends complete with nod and the *nit nit* sound he made.

" I'm doing good, though I would be better if the clouds weren't so dark." Marilyn responded.

" The clouds are miserable... just the way I like them." Denise added and I laughed. The walked continued on it's way until we started to play *Would you rather*..

" Who would you rather date? Kyoya or Ryuuga?" Marilyn asked me.

" Isn't it obvious? Ryuuga! Same question for you except Da Xiang or Tobi?" I asked her

" Tobi with an I or Toby with a Y?"

" Faust. The Sephiroth looking one when he has silver hair." I explained. She thought for a second.

" Faust. Just because you said he looks like Sephiroth."

" Because he does!" I said indignantly.

Let me explain. Sephiroth is from Final Fantasy 7. Look him up, I swear he looks just like him.

" Anyway, Denise." I spoke to her to my right side, and she looked up.

" Reji or... hmm... jack?" I asked, having to think about her two favourite characters.

" I like snakes so Reji."

" Fair enough." I said, opening the door open for the school to my friends. Me and Marilyn had the same first class together for grade 11 geography. We waved goodbye to Denise, who had drama first class, and then we weaved in and out of the crowds of high school students. Even though our high school wasn't very big, there were still enough people there for it to be bothersome getting through the halls. When we got to our class there were about ten people there, whispering to their friends beside them nervously.

" What's gotten to them?" I said to Marilyn, raising my eyebrow. She shrugged her shoulders, unable to come up with an answer. Just then we heard someone come out of the back room and we quickly took our seats. Not looking up, I moved to get my notebook out of my bag.

" Hello class! Welcome to 3C Geography! Unfortunately, due to a illness your regular teacher will not be here this week. I will be your teacher this week."

For some reason, the subs voice caught me off guard. He sounded familiar.

My friend kicked my bag ever so slightly, making me look up. She motioned with her eyes to what I assume was the direction of the teacher. I straightened out in my chair, but when I saw who the teacher was, my jaw almost dropped.

Our 'teacher' had dark navy blue hair that flared out twice, with heavy eyeliner and blue lipstick on his bottom lip. His outfit resembled that of a Japanese Hakata and he wore double brown belts. He had on wide blue shorts and surprisingly high soled sandals. In his hand was a flipped out decorated paper fan.

No. way.

" You may call me Mr. Fukami."

A:n aaaaand scene! So what you guys think? What's your opinion on socks with sandals? And have you noticed that there was never a Canadian team for the world tournament? R&R and let me know, Alright? Yours till the apples falls, Pokemon Ranger Airt.

Chapter 2: Day one class one Ladybugs CM

PRA: Hey guys what's up this is Pokemon Ranger Airt or PRA for short! So I got about 40 reads for the first chapter and one fave. No reviews. Please, I'm not a fan, and I'm sure you're not either, when there are people with accounts and they don't leave reviews. So I'm just asking, Author to author, to please leave a review. They mean a lot to me, even if they're flames, so please leave a review.

Anyway, now with that done, Ryutaro!

Ryutaro: PRA doesn't own beyblade or any of the characters. The only thing she owns is the storyline and her OC's.

PRA: Khehehe...

Ryutaro: O.O' ... What?

PRA: Oh, you'll see...

Chapter one : Monday, first class, Ladybugs!

Catherine's POV

You know how they say that seeing is believing?

I couldn't believe what I was seeing.

No way, no how.

There, in the front of my classroom was THE Ryutaro Fukami.

Marilyn elbowed me slightly. I looked over to her and she motioned to her phone and twiddled her thumbs.

Text me.

We were lucky that we were at the back of the class, or else he would have seen my expression and the fact that I now had my phone out in class.

Text received:

From Marilyn:

Don't stare. He probably doesn't know that we know who he is, if he is who he is. We might be in trouble if he doesn't know that we know and he finds out.

Text sent:

Catherine:

Is this for real? I can't believe this. Either it is him, Like you said and there's a rational explanation, or it's just the teachers messing with us.

Text received:

Marilyn:

Unlikely, Only you, me , Denise and Nigel know that we like beyblade. The teachers would have to be serious stalkers to know that.

Nigel was a friend of mine all the way back from Kindergarten. We grew up in the same neighbourhood and attended the same school. He's into beyblade just as much as I am.

Text sent:

Catherine:

I guess we should lay low for a little while then, until we can find out what's going on...

This is like some weird FanFiction!

Text received:

Marilyn:

Lol.

Ryuto, or should I say, Mr. Fukami, came over to the back of the class , so we had to put our phones away.

" Good morning." He said with a little bow, and I had to try not to swoon. Hey, just because Ryuuga was my favourite character doesn't me that there weren't other characters that I thought were hot. He was just at the top of the list.

" May I ask your names?" he asked , tapping his pen on the attendance sheet.

" Marilyn." She answered, watching as he checked her name. Nodding, he turned his attention to me and I resisted the urge to laugh out of sheer awkwardness.

" Catherine." He nodded as he easily found my name on the list.

" Thank you." He said looking up. He bowed once more and turned, walking away to get the names of the other students, one of whom I heard answer;

" Anonymous."

I'm sure that when he looked up, (he had his back to me) he wore a disapproving look, for the student looked down and gave his real name.

After getting all the REAL names of the students, he put a fairly heavy looking cardboard box on the teachers desk.

" For today, your teacher has instructed that we release ladybugs into the schools green house. Now where might that be?" He announced, holding up a clear container with ladybugs in it from the box. There were many more containers in the box.

" It's connected to this room. The door at the back of the class leads to it." One of the other students said.

We each got a container of ladybugs, (to which I held up to my face to get a better look at them) and moved out to the yellow door at the back of the class that led to the green house.

Since the door would lock as soon as it was closed, I put a chair between it and the doorframe to keep it from shutting.

The green house had glass panes for the roof, so I could clearly see the dark clouds above in the sky. Part of me was worried while the other part was elated. I loved thunderstorms and hoped that we would be getting one by the afternoon. However, the glass panes broke easily and I didn't want any of the plants to get ruined.

Inside the green house it was humid and warm. There was a dampness in the air that was not caused by the ominous clouds outside. Lush , green plants grew on metal carts that had three to four shelves on which the plants were held. We had fish in a tank that held what I believe were small mouthed bass. There were stairs leading to the basement of the green house that had the machines that allowed the warmth and purify water for the fish to be preserved. I oh so loved the green house. It was quiet.

Usually.

Usually there weren't so many people in it at a time, all clustered together, talking about whose face they were going to put ladybugs on.

I felt bad... For the ladybugs, that is.

The thought made me snicker and Marilyn turned around.

" You're not think of putting ladybugs on MY face, are you?"

I gasped.

" I never!"

"Only asking." she said, smiling as she turned to Ryutaro for he was speaking once more.

"So, is there anyone who is NOT okay with ladybugs? Because they're going to be all around us when we let them go."

Two girls put up their hands and gave the ladybugs to some else to open. After that they left the green house.

"Okay then. On the count of three, we're going to open the lids and let them out." Ryutaro announced.

I looked to Marilyn.

"Three."

"I don't think this is how we're supposed to be doing this." I stated.

"Two."

"I think you're right." Marilyn agreed.

"one."

"Too late now." I said.

"ZERO!" Ryutaro said loudly, releasing his ladybugs, as did the rest of the class. As soon as we did-

BZZZZ!

"EEK!" One of the girls who had give their ladybugs to someone else had peeked in, only to get a face full of ladybugs!

THE DOOR!

It was still open!

Many of the ladybugs flew thru the open door to the class room. There was a screech from the other girl as no doubt the ladybugs flew around her. Luckily, the class door that led to the hallways were closed.

"New plan! Catch the ladybugs!" Ryutaro yelped, running into the class room. Everyone followed him as the screaming of the girls continued. Except for Marilyn and me. She looked at me, disapproving.

"... I meant to close that..." I said sheepishly.

"Mhm." She said, doubtfully. I grinned, embarrassed.

"Ehehe... Whoops."

"Let's just go help them."

PRA: so how'd you guys like it? Trivia time! What does Ryutaros outfit resemble? I mentioned it in the first chapter! Whoever get's it get's one point and whoever has the most at the end of the fic wins a super-duper secret prize!

Also just a little thing for people who don't have accounts, you can still leave review, but under the name guest.

Anyway, next time on HSJGALH (abbreviated name),

Crabs in Drama!

PRA!

Chapter 3: Day one class one Denise WAX FIGURE!

A:n: Hey ya bros how's it's going this is... PEWDIEPIE- jokes lol. PRA reporting for duty. So... no reviews and still only one fave but now we're up to 104 views! (yeah!) although I know that there are some fics that have over 100 reviews and stuff but hey, gotta start some where. Last chapter Catherine and Marilyn were in geography and things didn't exactly go as planned... LADYBUGS! Let's see if things are going better with Denise. Tetsuya, you know what to do!

Tetsuya: "PRA doesn't own beyblade or the franchise. CRAB!"

Chapter 2 Monday, Denise's first class, CRABS?!

Denise's POV

I stared at the 'teacher' seeing but not quite believing what I saw. The teacher had waist length hair that looked like seaweed and beady eyes. Over his shoulders he had a weathered red cape that covered the backside of a purple vest on a long sleeved shirt which color matched his hair. On his waist he wore a belt that had two other belts hanging from it. The belt wasn't even connected to his pants, which were light blue, frayed at the bottom and had light blue rhombus shapes on his hips. Purple sneakers were spread away from each other as he stood proudly making what looked to be a peace sign with his index and middle finger.

But I knew better.

That wasn't a peace sign, it was a crab claw.

The reason that I knew that?

Standing before was the one and only Tetsuya Watarigani.

I stopped myself from rubbing my eyes. I knew that this was real, I already pinched my arm, and it hurt. I pinch hard, so don't make me mad. Even so, that didn't keep my green eyes from widening.

I'm not even gonna ask how this is possible.

"Crab! My name is Tetsuya Watarigani! A mouth full, I know but try to keep up, crab. You shall address me as , no ifs ands or buts." Call me immature but I found myself snickering (on the inside) when he said buts. That and crabs.

Hehehe. Crabs.

Back to the situation though, our 'teacher' began to take our attendance.

If Catherine and Marilyn knew about this, they'd be flippin' shit, I thought with a hint of amusement.

" Now, unfortunately, it would seem as though your drama teacher has come down with some stomach bug, or whatever like I care." Tetsuya said, seeming a little bored already.

That's too bad... for the bug to have had to invade mr. Denowski. Poor bacteria... I thought. I didn't like my normal teacher. He was boring and didn't really seem to care about his class, unlike myself. I liked drama.

" Now today, we've just been instructed to play some sort of game. Something called... 'wax gallery' or something." Tetsuya said, a little perplexed, it seemed.

YES! I thought. I loved this game. The objective was to stand still until the person who was it looked away from you and then you could change your pose. I was good at it because I never would. Call me a cheater but meh.

"Aren't we a little old for this game?" Connor, a red head, asked. He quickly ducked as a chalk eraser flew threw the air, hitting the spot on the wall where he had been leaning.

" YOU'RE NEVER TOO OLD FOR GAMES!" Tetsuya yelled. While everyone else looked intimidated, I uttered a small *hehe*. This was funny to me.

Everyone began to move around the room, finding a spot where they would stand for possibly the rest of the class. With this game, it had happened before.

I took a spot against the wall, where I could lean if I got tired. Connor had been chosen to be it and he looked at everyone as the game began. Everyone was still as a, well, wax figure. Someone sneezed and Connor turned around quickly,

catching the person move.

" You're out!"

One by one, the number of people still standing dwindled to a few, myself included. Connor stared, standing in one place where he had a vantage point of everyone in the game still.

I hadn't moved an inch yet and my legs were beginning to get sore. All of a sudden, I felt a small piece of chalk hit my temple. While Connor was focused on someone else, I looked around quickly and found Tetsuya smirking.

You little shit, I thought.

" you're out!" Connor called to me. *dang it. Aw well.*

I leaned against the wall and looked at the remaining people. Little pieces of chalk begin to fly silently across the room as Tetsuya began to test peoples patience. Many people flinched and were caught by Connor, as

I had been. The room was silent as Connor and someone I didn't know stared at each other, one looking for movements and one not daring to move at all. It stayed like this for a few minutes.

BRRRRR!!!!!!NNNNNNNG!

Everyone jumped as the bell went off, including Connor and the other kid.

" You're out!" Connor yelled victoriously.

" Doesn't count if it's after the bell." the kid pointed out, and Connor made a sad face. I grabbed my bag and walked out of the room, oddly eager for my next class.

A:n: and that's chapter three! Sorry it took so long, exams, yada yada yada, fun stuff (not really lol). I've ,ade some changes to chapter one and two, just minor stuff like spelling mistakes.

Anyway, what did you guys think? Are the chapters long enough and what would YOU do if a beyblade character suddenly became you teacher. I would fangirl so hard, though, not when in class. This chapter takes place the same time that Catherin's and Marilyn's class takes place.

Next, GYM!

Chapter 4: Cube nigel one two Indubitably

A:n: Hello me lords and ladies! This is Pra and welcome back to HSJGALH! And no, that's not my keyboard messing up, that's the abbreviation of the title, lol. First off, I would like to thank the people who reviewed! You're awesome! And also the four faves and one follow! Last chapter was... hehehe... crabs, hehehe, and wax figures! Next class is gym and at the end of this chapter, I'll be posting each individual characters time table so it's easier to remember who has what class when. Any way, Onto the show!

Argo, Selen, Ian and Enzo: PRA does not own beyblade or the franchise!

Enzo: Amazing , huh?

Chapter three, Day one, Class two

Catherine and Nigel, Indubitably!

I had changed out of my normal clothes and into my gym clothing, walking out of the change room to the gym, which was very large and decorative of our schools mascot, the Delmarva Dragons, with posters of a western style dragon, with black wings and a snarling maw, holding a basketball between it's jaws.

Anyway, I walked into the gym and only saw one other person there. He had shoulder length ginger hair and the same gym uniform as I did, with black shorts that had two red lines down the side and a white shirt with our black dragon. He was two heads taller than I was and had the darkest blue eyes I have ever seen.

" Yo, Cube!"

" Hey Nigel, how's it goin'?" I called to him, giving a half hearted wave.

" What's wrong with you?" He asked me, Blue eyes curious. I smirked.

" Hehe. You're never going to believe this, But I think Ryutaro was my teacher for first class."

He gawked, a look of shock and disbelief in his eyes.

" OMG! I had Damien for my guitar class!" He exclaimed, causing my eyes to go wide. After my initial shock, I told him,

"Look, Something's going on and I don't know what, but we should keep on the down low and just watch for awhile."

He nodded.

I looked around.

" Where is everyone?"

" There was a sign on the door that said grade eleven phys. Ed. Go out to the soccer fields." He answered.

" A'ight, let's go." I said, leading the way out the door to the large open soccer fields.

" Y'know, your lucky. I wish I would've had a cute teacher like Ryutaro." Nigel said, nearly swooning.

Oh, I may have forgotten to mention, Nigel's gay. Which is totally cool.

" Hehe. I wonder if Denise had someone too." I wondered aloud.

" Well... we'll know at lunch." He said and I nodded.

I saw the rest of my class in the middle of the fields and we ran to see them. However, when we got there, I froze.

You have got to be kidding me.

In front of our class stood for teens with a darker complexion and matching dark green shirts and... tank top coat thing? I seriously didn't know what to call Selens top.. Thing... whatever! All I knew was that the Garcias were standing before us, looking smug.

" No. Fucking. Way." I hear Nigel whisper incredulously.

"Hello! We are the Garcias and we will be your gym teachers for today!" Argo bellowed. His eyes were as unsettling as ever, making me flinch involuntarily when they passed over me. Some of his dreadlocks were in his eyes, making it so I didn't have to look him fully in the eye. He had on a blue vest and red tank, as well as dark green shorts with matching boots and a metal band on his upper left forearm.

"Your normal teacher has come down with a stomach bug and won't be here today!" Ian added. His eyes were not as... sinister... but still a little untrustworthy. He had frizzy brown hair, a black vest, green shirt and brown shorts.

"So we will be your subs this week!" Selen said. Her eyes seemed friendly, but I knew the difference. There was a masked bitterness beneath them. She had on green... jacket with red bars on either shoulder, a top that barely covered her chest (a/n: I was surprised they let it on the show. I'm not 4kids, but...) and brown shorts. She had blackish blue wavy hair that came to about the middle of her neck.

"Amazing huh!?" Enzo said/asked because it was more of a catchphrase than a question but still needed a question mark. He had eyes that reminded me of Ryuugas, but not as sharp and tapered, one being hidden by his black hair. He wore a green jacket that had multiple pocket on it and a brownish orange shirt underneath. He had on grey shorts with a belt and weathered shoes.

"Apparently, your school cares if you're here, so attendance!"

As Argo began to take attendance, I whispered to Nigel.

"I have a bad feeling about this." I said nervously. I raised my hand when my name was called.

"Alright! Give us 200 jumping jacks!" Selen ordered, causing many peoples jaws to drop.

"Two hundred!? This is only our second week in this semester! How do they expect us to do two hundred jumping jacks!?" Nigel exclaimed quietly to me.

"They probably don't know that. And this is the Garcias we're talking about." I said to him in response.

"Hmf." He scoffed and everyone began doing jumping jacks.

A few minutes later, and almost everyone was panting on the grass, unable to complete their jumping jacks. Only five people, myself and Nigel included, were still doing them.

"I didn't see any of you complete two hundred jumping jacks!" Argo chewed out the students on the grass.

A few seconds passed and my A.D.H.D suddenly kicked in.

"hehe, Hey. Hey Nigel." Nigel looked passed his moving arms to his side.

"My voice is higher than your voice." Back before his voice had deepened, I had never been able to hit a high note with my voice higher than Nigel. No one had. He was an incredible singer and knew how to get his voice to that note. However, that was four years ago, when we often played this game and he was of a squeakier octave.

"My voice is higher than your voice!" He said breathlessly as we finished our jumping jacks and sat on the grass. He had made his voice a higher octave than mine.

"MY VOICE IS HIGHER THAN YOUR VOICE!" I made my voice even higher.

We continued this until we could barely understand what the other was saying.

"MYVERCEISHERERTHINYVERSE!"

"MINFLINIGHNIFLINIF!"

"EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHHHHH!"

"EEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

"||||||||||||||||||!"

"Stop that!" Argo growled. By now the whole class was looking at us, however, they were used to our antics.

The bell rang and everyone got up in a hurry to go inside, ready for lunch

" Think we've managed to piss Argo off?" Nigel snickered.

" Indubitably." I said.

" What?"

" Without a doubt." I said, laughing.

A:n: Hello! Y'know, I was writing this at like, 9:30, which, even though I'm in grade 12, is still late for me. I'm not a night owl lol. I would like to announce that I have started another story, my second one, that, if you have ever had a question for any beyblade metal fury character, you will love. It is called 2014 BeyBlade Metal Fury Q&A Panel. If you want to, check it out, eh? Sorry, that was my Canadian coming out lol.

Review please!

Love you guys!

Chapter 5: Marilyn one two spare it up!

A:n: Welcome back to Highschool Just Got A Little Harder! , I forgot to give you guys the time tables for the characters, so I'll do that now as to not to forget.

Catherine/Cube Marilyn

Geography Geography

Gym spare

Art science

Karate class Karate class

Denise Nigel

Drama Guitar

Science Gym

History Physics

Math Karate class

Now let's get to our story!

Chapter four, Day one, Class two

Marilyn Spare it up

I walked from my Geography class that I just had with Cube, who was quite the character. We had spent the last forty minutes of the class collecting lady bugs, which was okay, I liked them. They were beautiful.

Unfortunately, two of the poor girls in the class didn't think the same as she did and opened the door to the rest of the school.

I wouldn't be surprised if we missed some. I hope no one steps on them!

Anyway, I had a spare after my geography class, something I was surprised my parents had allowed. My parents had very high standards for me and didn't think that a spare would be useful. However, I argued with them that it would let me study more and was proven to relieve stress.

And here I was, going to the library to study, yes, but it also allowed me to get my books before the lunch rush and avoid the busy hallways. I would study and then get my books.

However, seeing that it was only two weeks into the semester, I didn't really have anything to study. So I walked over to manga section, picking up a few books, such as soul eater, one piece, Ranma ½ and of course, Beyblade metal fury.

I walked up to the check out desk, a little disappointed to not see the librarian there. She would usually catch me up on The Walking dead, a show my parents didn't know I watched. I checked in the library office, which was on the left side of the library. When I didn't see anyone, I moved to turn around.

" Oof!"

" Whoa!"

I walked into someone, dropping all my books on the floor with a 'wumph'. I bent down quickly to retrieve them, all the while uttering a embarrassed ' I'm sorry!'.

" Here, let me." The person said and kneeled down to help me gather my books. I was looking down as he passed them to me, ashamed that I hadn't watched where I was going.

" Are you okay?" From the voice, I could tell that the person I bumped into was a he.

" I'm fine." I said in a small voice. I heard him give out a pleased ' hmm'.

He held out a pallid hand to help me get up.

"Thank you." I said softly. I smiled and looked up to the kind person who helped me.

My smile faltered.

The boy who helped me had shoulder length silver hair, beautiful deep grey eyes and a soft smile. He wore a large necked black long sleeved shirt that reminded me of a turtle neck sweater whose neck had been stretched open. He wore over that a light, dull brown jacket whose sleeves stopped right bellow the elbows. There were two green horizontal rectangles on his chest in which black lines went down to connect with the pockets. He had dark blue jeans that fit over his long, lithe legs.

It felt wrong to call him beautiful, but hot was too aggressive a word for him.

Faust.

Toby.

"Are you looking to sign these out?" He asked with his soft yet somehow husky voice, motioning to the books in my hands. I looked down to my hands, to him, to my hands and to him again.

"Oh! Uh, y-yes yes!" I said shyly, trying to hide the fact that I was shaken.

This can't be a coincidence anymore! Their too similar!

"Well then, let's get you set, shall we?" He said with a smile that would have melted the iciest of hearts in a single glance.

"Hey, we finally got someone checking something out?"

The sudden voice behind me caused me to jump. I whirled around, surprised out of my wits. I hadn't even heard his footsteps.

He had long mahogany hair that was tied up in a low ponytail. He had gorgeous hazel eyes that were more green than brown. He wore a blue t-shirt with a white collar, with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows. Blue jeans covered his legs which made up for most his body height.

Ohmigod,ohmiGOD,OHMIGOD!

I was on the verge of hyperventilating, stuck between these two handsome anime characters.

"Oh! I'm so sorry, I hope I didn't scare you!" Zeo said, concerned.

"N-No! I'm fine!" While I was facing Zeo, Toby had signed out my books for me.

"T-Thank you!" I said, gently taking my books from him and all but dashing out the door.

Wait, how did he sign out my books if he didn't know who I was?

"Well, she was jumpy." Zeo said, scratching the back of his head.

"Can you blame her?" Toby said in reply. Zeo looked at him curiously. In response Toby held out the manga the girl had been holding.

"Ryo was right, THEY do know who we are."

A/n: DUH DUH DUH! We finally got a plot point started! I'm sorry I took so long with this one, but my other fic is very demanding lol. I hope you guys like this, I would like to thank y'all who've reviewed! It means the world to me! So what do you think is gonna happen?

R&R!

Chapter 6: Denise day1class2 Snakes and lions

A/n: Hello and welcome back to Highschool Just Got A Little Harder! First, Thanks for the awesome Reviews! It means a lot to me to hear feedback about my stories! I'm so sorry this took so long, I don't have any excuse other than school, so I'm sorry. So anyway,

Kyoya and Redji: "Pra does not own beyblade or any of the franchise!"

Chapter five

Denise, Day one class two!

Lions and snakes don't mix well

My eyes were squinted slightly and my mouth agar. My expression was that of disbelief and being unimpressed.

What idiot put these two together to teach this class?

Obviously a pretty big one.

Our 'teachers'

Kyoya and Redji stood apart from each other, on opposite sides of the classroom. They did not like each other. There was green residue from the previous class and I wasn't sure I wanted to know from what.

Before I had entered into class, one of the grade nine students had warned me.

"Their both the teachers, alright! Don't call either of them the assistant! They'll get really angry!" And with that, the poor niner ran to her next class.

I should have walked away from the class room then and there, but my curiosity got the best of me.

"Welcome to College level Biology." Redji hissed. Kyoya didn't look like he was going to say anything much.

"Today, we're going to learn about morticians and what they do."

"What are morticians?" Connor asked me.

"They're the people that embalm you, make you look pretty when you in the casket or cremate you. They're also known as Undertakers." I Answered him. He looked at me like I was odd.

Oh wait. I am.

"How do you know so much about them?" He asked me.

"I'm going to be one." I stated proudly.

"Well, before we do that," Kyoya said, causing Connor and I to turn our attentions back to the front.

"There will be some rules. One, I fucking hate cell phones, turn them off." I snickered at his potty language, as did some of the other students. None of our other teachers swore to that magnitude. Some of them said 'crap' or 'shit' but never the F-word.

"Is there something funny about what I just said?" He growled at me. I straightened my smile to an expression of indifference.

"No sir." I replied.

"Two, refrain from saying profanities." Redji hissed, glaring at Kyoya who sneered. Kyoya turned away and I thought I heard him say under his breath "heh, can't tell me what to do snake boy." He then straightened up.

"Three. Fucking Respect. We may be substitutes, but we're still your teachers and you are our students, so act like it!" Kyoya snarled. I laughed inside my mind.

Oh, this is going to be fun.

I was in the bathroom, trying to wipe soot off my face. Our "Teachers" Had thought that mixing a crap load of hydrochloric acid with sugar would be a good idea. In small quantities, it created a dazzling light show, but was dangerous. Then they got into a fight until the bell rang. Now it was lunch, so I was to meet everyone in the cafeteria, but not before I got this soot off my face.

Joy, this was going to be the best four days ever. I thought sarcastically.

A:N: I am so sorry this has taken me so long! I have a plot for this, I do, but it's just been so hard for me to get on my computer! I don't have a lot of time, but I'm trying hard. Shout out goes to Havarti2, you know why. I'm sorry this is so short.

News: 5 nights at freddys 2 is coming out! How cool is that! The trailer looks amazing! I am also close to halfway done the 2014 beyblade panel chapter 5, so you can expect to see that out soon!

See you next time!

Pokemon Ranger Airt!

Chapter 7: lunch lunch lunch

A:n: IM SO SORRY! T.T I have completely ignored this fic for a long time im sooooo sorry! I've been busy with school and stuff! Um... I'm not sure how much attention this fic is going to get as of late, I just wanted to atleast make some progress before I started my new fic. If you've every read Cosmic vistas velvet skies on my other account, TemporalLeviathan, then I have some news for you! I will be remaking it! It is going to be called Cosmic Vistas Cosmic vistas: Starlight.

Little fact: the first FanFiction for beyblade I read was Embers Of Despair. Anyway, lets get going!

Highschool just got a little harder

Chapter 6

Lunch

" It was funny, he kept swearing and then they made the class room almost blow up!"

I listened, enraptured as Denise told us her horror story for Biology.

" I wish I was in your class. Kyoya real eye candy." Nigel laughed.

We were in the school cafeteria, sitting at a secluded round table by one of the corners. Marilyn was looking at Denise in terror. She had science next.

" You took the words right out of my mouth." I laughed.

" Guys! We shouldn't be joking like this! There's gotta be a reason for them being here!" Marilyn reasoned.

" Yeah, but who said that it might be a bad reason?" I countered.

Marilyn looked at me with disapproval in her eyes.

" for what reason would they come here?" Marilyn questions.

" Hey hey, that's a loaded question." Nigel said in response.

" What do you mean?" Marilyn asked.

" There are lots of reasons why they would want to be here." He answered.

" Like?" She pressed. That set off a cascade of answers from all of us.

" Weapons."

" Politics."

" Technology."

" food."

" Test subjects."

" Energy."

" Plants."

" Precious metals."

" Braaaaaaiiiinssss."

They all looked at me, Nigel with amusement, Denise with a thoughtful look on her face and Marilyn with disapproval.

" They're not zombies, cube! They're anime characters! There's a difference."

" Although there can be zombie anime characters." Nigel chimed in. Denise nodded in response.

"Look Marilyn, don't worry, we are taking this seriously. You have Biology next, listen to them carefully, you have some of the sharpest set of ears I know. Nigel what do you have next?" I asked him.

"I have physics." He answered. My planning skills went into overdrive.

"Text me who you have. Marilyn said she saw Toby and Zeo in the library. I'm gonna stay after school a bit, see if I can not get noticed long enough to see who else might be here. Denise, you have history, right?"

"Yes."

"Text me when later who you have for the next two classes. Me ,Nigel and Marilyn all have karate class last, so we won't have to worry about that. Good?" I asked.

"good." They all said in unison as the bell rang for third class.

A/n: so yeah, not very long, but hopefully I'll get more chapters up. I think I'm gonna have fun with this fic (MWAHAHAI)

Chapter 8: ART!

A:n: Hello and welcome back! Next is art. You probably already know who's going to be the teacher lol.

Chapter Seven: Art.

Cubes POV

I'm not surprised. Why am I not surprised?

The teacher for this class had long red hair and had a black mask with a yellow stripe that cover half of his face. He wore light blue lipstick and had orange markings under each eye. A black choker made its way around his slim neck and a purple and black shirt covered his abdomen. He had on black jeans to cover his long thin legs and navy blue boots over his feet. To complete his look he had on a long green trench coat that was frayed at the end to look like peacock feathers.

Jack.

Beside him was a tray cart that was covered with a white cloth.

"Hello Students! You may call me Mr. Jack And welcome to ART!" He lifted his hands in the air and threw confetti up. The class watched as each piece fluttered to the ground, then looked back up.

"Today, We're going to be making clay creations!" He announced happily, "What grade is this? Eleven?"

"Yes." One of the other students said warily. Jack clapped his hands together.

"Excellent! Then you should already know how to shape clay and what not, so let's just get to it!" He grabbed the cloth on the cart beside him and pulled it off with a sound 'whoosh!'

The class uttered 'oohs' and 'whooa' at the sight before them. There were blocks of clay that we were to use, but in the middle was a beautiful and majestic peacock, baked and painted. Its wings were spread and its head was held proudly to the sky. It was stunning, and no doubt done by jack.

"This is what you can do with clay, paint and patience! You can make masterpieces! Now go, and make your own masterpiece!" He said, his hands to the sky once more, and more confetti raining down.

People hesitated, then got up to fetch their block of clay.

In my mind, I was soundly surprised. Jack wasn't doing a half bad job with art, but I shook my head. Something was bound to happen, call it... a hunch.

My phone vibrated in my pocket, and I pulled it out. A text, from Denise.

To: Cube

From: Denise

HEEEEELLLLLLPPPPP MEEEEEEEEE

Panic spread throughout me.

To: Denise

From Cube

What's wrong? Are you hurt?

To: Cube

From: Denise

Julian Konzern is my history teacher and he's droning! Make it stooooop! I'm going to die from boredom!

I shook my head and laughed quietly. Only her.

To: Denise

From: Cube.

Oh, it can't be that bad.

Relieved that nothing bad had happened, I closed my phone and went to go get my clay block.

I Glared at the text I had received from cube. She didn't know, SHE wasn't there where I was, having to listen to one boring, droning Mr. Konzern. His appearance hadn't change at all, he still had the long, combed back blonde hair, the long rose red velvet coat, the slim mahogany pants, the too dressy baby blue and purple shoes and the royal purple button dress shirt.

God, he was annoying.

And good looking.

Who could deny the slim body, the tall, arrogant stance, the proud presence that was Julian Konzern. I liked how he looked and held himself, and I hated that.

Unintentionally, I glared at him whilst he handed out the work sheets.

" You'll be expected to hand these in by the end of the class. If you don't, tomorrow you'll owe me detention during lunch." Julian said and stopped at my desk, looking at me curiously.

" Why are you glaring at me?" He asked. I sat up straight, not even realising that I had been.

" Uh, sorry, force of habit." I fibbed. He quirked an eyebrow.

" I'm not going to ask why that's a habit, but alright. Just hand this in by the end of class." He said and placed the world war one work sheet on my desk.

His world never had wars like ours... I wonder what he thinks of us...

Now that I thought about it, he did seem kinda defensive, his stature slightly protective, his hands in his pockets and shoulders slightly slouched.

Maybe he's trying to hide his presence? Maybe I'm just think too much into things.

As if on cue, Julian straightened his stature and held his hands calmly and comfortably behind his back, interlocking his hands.

Maybe I'm just imagining things.

I looked down to my sheet, aiming to complete it in the next ten minutes.

Julian looked at the girl with the long black hair and pale green eyes. She had been looking at him curiously and hadn't noticed that he was aware of that. He looked down at his phone, which was redesigned to sweep any texts sent out that were deemed suspicious, such as if any of their names where in the text. There was one in particular that was caught on the phones radar.

To: Cube

From: Denise

Julian Konzern is my history teacher and he's droning! Make it stooooop! I'm going to die from boredom!

A part of him was annoyed. He didn't talk THAT much. Another part of him was curious. It seemed as though Ryo's theory was true. At the time that this text was sent out, he hadn't yet given the class his name, neither his first name, so this girl and her friend must have known who he was.

Interesting.

A/n: Aaaaand that's chapter seven! Sorry for the short chapters, I'm trying to make them longer soooo yeah. I hoped you enjoyed it! R&R please J !

Chapter 9: Birds of a feather

A/n: Hello and welcome back to HSJGALH! I hope you like last chapter! I'm rewatching season one of beyblade, I never really watched the first one, but I'm up to episode 15, so I'm getting there. I've watched everything else. Did you know that in the manga, Ryuuga also faced Argo? Yep. That and in some sources, his last name is Kowalski? There's also kashotu and Takahashi. I think that his last name might be fan made lol. Anyway, lets move on! Thanks for the reviews!

Disclaimer! Tsubasa: golden bonnie does not own beyblade at all!

Add! *text* = thoughts Chapter 8,

Birds of a feather get eaten by lions and snakes.

* I can't believe it! No way!*

I looked on in awe as their teacher scribbled down on the blackboard.

He had long silver hair and a slim yet muscular and tall build. He had on a mahogany shirt that had lilac rectangles on his chest and shoulders. The shirt didn't quite cover his abdomen and let you see a bit of his stomach. An off center belt held up slim white jeans. He turned around and I could see warm golden eyes looking back.

Tsubasa was my physics teacher.

* Get it together Nigel!* I told myself, mentally slapping my face. * ow...*

"Hello everyone! You may call me . I will be your substitute teacher for the next week. Here's what I know about physics."

He was silent for a few seconds. People began to snicker, including me.

"I know nothing about physics, however! I do know that in some classes they make you make airplanes or slingshot or catapults." Tsubasa said.

"I remember one year we made potato guns! That was a good year." The girl beside me said.

"Haha, not for the windows!" I added laughing.

"And that's why we're NOT making potato guns. However, since you're early in the semester, you will be making diagrams of catapults. You will be looking through these physics books to page 364 and seeing what made them so accurate. Then make diagramed of your own and list what makes yours accurate. This includes the projectiles. Try to make them aerodynamic in any way. At the end of class we will compare. Alright, if there are no question, get to it." He concluded. A girl put up her hand.

"You have a question?" He said, addressing her. She nodded.

"Why are there only supply teachers? Are the other teachers sick?" She asked.

Even though I was not being asked this, I froze for tsubasa. What would he say?

He didn't even hesitate. " I believe that a virus went around the school and they got sick." He answered coolly.

Marilyn's POV

* I fear for my life.*

I stared in fear at my supply teachers.

w-why are they in the same class?! I asked myself. * Who thought this was a good idea?!* Apparently I wasn't the only one who had been warned by as friend, for most of the students sat in the desks at the back of the room. Except for me and one other boy, who sat beside me. He turned to me and I turned to him.

"Was this a mistake?" He whispered, referring to the fact we sat in the front row.

" I think so." I whispered back.

Kyoya and Redji looked at the class with annoyance.

" we won't bite! Now move up to the front of the class! We will be watching a movie about genes!" Kyoya growled.

" he won't not bite, but I might. SSSssss." Redji hissed.

Everyone who had been making a move towards the front froze. Kyoya cuffed Redji behind the head.

" Snake boy here couldn't hurt a defenseless mouse! Keep moving!" Kyoya Snarled.

Afraid of what he would do if they faltered, the students hurried to the front desk. Redji, rubbing his head, turned on the movie and shut off the lights. Me and the boy beside me, who I found out was named Derek, had already seen this movie and instead swapped chemistry jokes through paper and pencil and Q and A.

Q: Why did the noble gas cry?

A: Because all his friends Argon

Q: Did you hear about the man who got cooled to absolute zero?

A: He's OK now

Q: What do you do with a dead chemist?

A: Barium

Q: Why are chemists great for solving problems?

A: They have all the solutions

Q: What did the bartender say when oxygen, hydrogen, sulfur, sodium, and phosphorous walked into his bar?

A: OH SNaP!

Q: Why did Carbon marry Hydrogen?

A: They bonded well from the minute they met

Q: Did you hear about the chemist who was reading a book about Helium?

A: He just couldn't put it down Q: If H₂O is the formula for water, what is the formula for ice?

A: H₂O cubed Q: What do you call Iron blowing in the wind?

A: Fe-breeze

Q: What animal is made up of calcium, nickel and neon?

A: A CaNiNe

Q: What do you call a tooth in a glass of water?

A: A one molar solution

Q: What is a chemist's favorite kind of tree?

A: A chemistree

Q: Why did Chlorine's sisters Boron and Carbon lock her in the closet?

A: Because she was too attractive

Q: Why did the acid go to the gym?

A: To become a buffer solution!

Q: What weapon can you make from the elements potassium, nickel and iron?

A: A KNiFe

Q: Anyone know any jokes about sodium hydride?

A: Nah

Q: What is a cation afraid of?

A: A dogion

By the time I knew it, the class was over and the bell was ringing, signaling the next class.

A/n: slowly but surely, we are making progress, both chapter wise and story wise. I got the jokes from .com. I also got some new chemistry pick up lines lol. Anyway, hope you liked it, reviews help me know what I need to work on so please review, thanks!